NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVI. No. 44 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1891. 30 Cts. per An. Post-Paid.

THE INDIAN MESSIAH CRAZE.

The messiah craze and the death of Sitting Bull, writes Alice C. Fletcher, in the *New York Independent*, recall incidents coming under my personal knowledge which may be of interest.

While in the Missouri Valley, last spring, an Indian said to me:

"I wish you would go and see the messiah and tell me what you think of him."

My friend was untouched by the excitement, being a sober-minded, hard-working man, but withal something of a philosopher who liked to look into the nature of things. I did not go and see the messiah; but my friend's wish stimulated me to talk with different Indians, and what I then heard, together with what had come to me upon this subject during the past few years, make up the following story.

Some five or six years ago a nominal convert to Christianity among the Cheyennes lost a near relation, and wandering forth alone with his sorrow fell into a trance. He fancied that he travelled on over the country, seeing buffalo and deer but no human beings; at last he caught sounds as if a camp was near. As he listened, he distinguished the barking of dogs, the cries of children at play, the chatter of women and the songs of the men; following these sounds he came upon a village, and recognized among the people there his lost relations. Every one seemed happy and enjoying plenty. Buffalo meat was hanging up to dry, and the roast over the fire sent forth a savory stimulaton to his appetite. While he stood glancing about, his eye caught sight of a faint line of light just beyond the encampment, which slowly increased in width and brilliancy until a luminous way stretched from the village up to the sky. Down the shining path, walking slowly toward him, came a figure clad in a robe. The person did not look like an Indian, nor yet like a white man; but when he came near he told him that he was the God who long ago came to the white men, but they rejected him and put him to death. As he said this he opened his robe and showed the marks on his hands, feet and side. He recounted the continued disobedience of the white men, their persecution of the Indians, and said he was coming to earth once again, this time to succor his red children. He would take the land from the white people and give it back to the Indians; restore the buffalo and other game, so that there would be no more crying from hunger; and the dead and the living would be re-united. All this he would do; but the Indians must wait for him to do it, and take him for their God.

Here the Cheyenne awoke and remembered his dream. By-and-by he told it; a few of those who heard it had a like vision; others fell into fainting fits and talked with their dead relations, who told about the new messiah; and the dead sent messages to the living, bidding them have hope, for all the dead were busy getting ready to return to earth. Before long these dreamers heard new songs, and societies were started to sing these songs to rhythmic movement of the body. Thus the ghost dance began, so called because the people were supposed to talk with the dead when they dropped from the dance into a trance. As the excitement waxed it took on mythic forms; and finally some one declared that the messiah had been seen otherwise than in a vision, that he was dwelling in the White Mountains, near Mexico; again, he was said to be in the mountains of the North-West.

Delegates from the Sioux and northern Cheyennes of Dakota and from some other tribes in the South went to see and talk with the new messiah. On their return home, although their accounts were mixed with visions, they declared that they had met him, that they had seen and talked with the dead, and had tasted their buffalo meat. Some of the men brought back bits of meat, and ornaments belonging to the dead, that unbelievers might be led to have faith in the new messiah.

The methods by which the white men were to be destroyed were revealed; it was not to be by any act of the Indians, but a convulsion of Nature. According to one version a cyclone would clear the earth of our race. Another stated that an earthquake would begin at the Atlantic coast, tossing the people and swallowing them up, and would gradually travel west, rolling and gaping as it advanced; it might take two years to thus cross the continent. A third said, there would come a mighty land-slide, and the Indians were told that they must all gather at a locality in South Dakota; men, women and children were to go there naked, taking with them nothing connected with their present life; there, naked and unarmed, they were to dance, waiting for the great land-slide,

SITTING BULL IN HIS WAR BONNET.

and when the earth began to move they, by their dancing, would be able to keep on top and not be drawn under, while the onmoving mass would overwhelm the unmindful whites, burying them and their horses, their arms and their dwellings, leaving the new earth to the peaceful possession of the Indians. For this great event the believers must prepare themselves by accustoming their bodies to prolonged dancing, for if they should fail to dance as the land was sliding they too would perish under the avalanche.

The belief in the coming of some one who should lead the people to greater happiness can be traced as far back as we have any records of our aborigines. The well-known question put to Cortez is an instance in point. This looking forward to a deliverer seems common to all peoples; similar anticipations have taken form among the Arab tribes, the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands, and even the Esquimaux. This hope, together with that of a universal resurrection, was used by the prophet when seeking to rally the Indians to league themselves together against the white race. The idea of a future happiness which has in it nothing of former experiences of pleasure is hardly conceivable; different races and persons, therefore, picture a future life according to their culture, and although these pictures vary widely in details they have one element in common, the absence of mental and physical suffering. The notion of future happiness to the present uneducated Indian would naturally imply the restoration of past conditions of life, and that would involve the absence of the white man.

While the ghost dance was not a war dance, still, as by means of it the Indians were looking forward to their notion of an earthly paradise which excluded our race, it was difficult for the average white man to believe that any people would be willing or able to refrain from helping by overt act toward bringing about the desired end. Therefore the ghost dance, as harmless in itself as any religious excitement, became an object of suspicion, and this feeling was fostered by the fact that conjurors, dreamers, turbulent and ambitious men, used the ecstacy for their own purposes, multiplying stories of the wonder-working new messiah, which grew more and more marvellous with each recital.

It is an interesting fact that this craze is confined almost exclusively to the uneducated Indians, those who, from inclination, or some other cause, have kept aloof from the practice or the instruction in any of the arts of civilization. Those most affected with the belief in the new messiah belong to the tribes which formerly lived by hunting and knew almost nothing of raising maize; moreover, their reservations are upon land poorly adapted to successful agriculture, so that the Government ration has been almost a necessity for sustaining life. Had it not been for the complications growing out of a general distrust of a ghost dance, the financial distress of a region suffering from a series of short crops, and our political methods whereby our food supply to the Indians is sometimes inopportunely cut down, it is not unlikely that this craze would have passed by quietly, overthrown by the influence of the progressive Indians, and the ameliorating influences of general education.

The craze presents a rudely dramatic but a pathetic picture of a class of people cut off from exercising their former skill in obtaining their food and clothing; living in a bewildering idleness, growing daily more conscious of the crushing force of our on-sweeping civilization; becoming, in their ignorance, more and more isolated from a new present, which is educating their children in a new language and with new ideas. It is not surprising that these men of the past, finding themselves hedged in on all sides and shorn of all that is familiar to their heart and mind, should seize upon the promises of the new messiah to feed their half-famished bodies, restore their dead, and give back to them their beloved land.

The part which Sitting Bull has had in this and other Indian difficulties has been made more of by the white people than the Indians. I met the man shortly after his capture and return as a prisoner to this country, and became fairly well acquainted with him and his camp. He belonged to the medicine men rather than the chiefs, and was not the leader he was supposed to be; but the vicissitudes of the little band of followers had pushed him into a prominence he could not have gained under ordinary tribal customs. He was not a man of much mental grasp or executive power, having surrendered his reason to the dictation of dreams. In 1881 he was ready, as far as his ability went, to accept the overthrow of many of his ideas and to "face the new way." I won from him at that time and from his associates an unqualified consent that all their children should be taken away and put in school. I pictured in no uncertain colors the future which must be theirs, a future that left the past forgotten. These men, as it was natural, mournfully accepted the inevitable; they could not have honestly done more. Delays between the War and the Interior Departments let months slip into years, and except a few children taken by Bishop Hare, the young folks were left to grow up in the camp, while their elders learned to distrust the good intentions of the friends who could not do all that they would. Later on, public curiosity made it pay to exhibit Sitting Bull over the country, and the man lost what teachable spirit he had had; he easily mistook the gaping crowd for a tribute to his personality.

Now he is dead and no one has a word to say of him except as a savage well gotten rid of, while I cannot but remember the last time I saw him, eight years ago. I was in his tent; we had been talking of old customs and ceremonies; as I sat writing, his wife entered and threw herself down before the fire, blowing the embers to a flame; then she turned, and leaning her head on her arm, the firelight glinting on her score of bangles, she fastened her black eyes on my face. At length Sitting Bull said:

"You are a woman, you can look into the future and it is not strange to you; have compassion on my women. For my young men I can see what they can do, now that they can no longer hunt or go on the war-path, they can learn to plough and to raise crops; but there is nothing for my women to do, for them I see no future, and yet it is to our women that we owe everything in the past. Once I had many ponies, now I am poor, there is nothing left to me but this ring, I give it to you that you may not forget to pity my women and children."

THE AID OF IMAGINATION IN BIBLE STUDY.

BY THE REV. D. SUTHERLAND.

A very important part of the teacher's work should be to train and inform the imagination in his scholar. This should not, generally, be so very difficult, as childhood, or youth, is, in a distinctive sense, the period of imagination. It must, however, be admitted that in some children the faculty is somewhat latent, and needs to be developed. They seem to have very great difficulty in seeing anything that is not visible to the outward eye. Picturing an historical scene, or conjuring up a figure out of the vasty depths of the past, is little short of impossible to them. A lady who has had considerable experience in teaching gives us an instance in point. She told the same story, on one occasion, to a company of Irish boys and girls of the peasant class, and, on another occasion, to a company of English boys and girls of a corresponding station in life. The story was about the French nuns going to the scaffold, in the dark days of the Revolution, singing, as they went, the "Te Deum," and continuing the verses, in lessening numbers, as head by head fell, until the abbess alone was left. Even then the heroic abbess was undaunted. Looking stedfastly on the headless bodies of her followers, she sang, triumphantly, the "Gloria in Excelsis," and ceased not until the knife struck. The story was told graphically and dramatically, but it did not produce a like effect. With sparkling eyes and eager faces the Irish children exclaimed, "What a glorious death to die!" The English children looked as blank as the wall of the room in which they sat, kept silence, and when they did break their silence it was but to remark, "She told us about a lot of women having their heads cut off." The beauty and pathetic power of the tale were lost on the second audience, as the story-teller saw at once, from sheer lack of imaginative training.

And so it is too often in the Sunday-school. The beauty and power of the gospel narratives are lost upon the children through neglecting the aid of imagination in Bible study. The scenes are shadowy and the persons dim in the far-away distance. They need to be brought near, and made as real as next-door neighbors. This can be done through the use of imagination. Train the children to picture what they read until scenes and actors pass in a panorama before their mind.

The writer would earnestly recommend Sunday-school teachers to realize what an invaluable aid imagination may be in Bible study, and how interesting Bible stories can be made to scholars when they are turned into pictures, instead of mere historical facts. An informed, cultured, and devout imagination is worth a dozen shelves of commentaries in helping one to understand the Scriptures. If you doubt this, put it to the test. Take up a gospel, read it carefully, and let the events recorded therein unroll themselves as in a panorama before your mind's eye. What you read will then become real to you, and carry with it that force of actuality which makes the Bible helpful and inspiring.—*Richmond, Halifax, N. S.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37 : 7.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—MARCH 1, 1891.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.—2 Kings 4 : 25-37.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 32-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them."—John 5 : 21.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 4 : 8-17.—The Prophet's Chamber.
T. 2 Kings 4 : 18-37.—The Shunammite's Son.
W. Luke 7 : 11-17.—The Widow's Son Raised.
Th. Matt. 9 : 18-26.—The Ruler's Daughter Raised.
F. Acts 9 : 32-43.—Dorcas Raised.
S. 1 Cor. 15 : 35-58.—Believers to be Raised.
S. Phil. 3 : 7-21.—Our Bodies Changed.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Mother's Pleading. vs. 25-28.
II. The Prophet's Staff. vs. 29-31.
III. The Child's Restoration. vs. 32-37.

TIME.—B.C. 892. The visits at the home in Shunem probably began soon after the translation of Elijah, three or four years before.

PLACES.—Mount Carmel, seventeen miles from Jezreel; Shunem, now Solam, three miles north of Jezreel.

OPENING WORDS.

Elisha made Samaria, the capital of Israel, his home. From this centre he made circuits through the country, visiting the schools of the prophets, instructing the people, and retiring at intervals to Carmel. So frequently did he pass through Shunem that a rich woman who lived there prepared a chamber for him and devoted it to his use. In reward for this kindness to his servant, God gave her a son. This son, a few years after, died very suddenly, and the mother in her distress went immediately to the prophet. Our lesson tells us how, in answer to his prayer, the child was restored to life.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 25. *The man of God*—Elisha. V. 26. *It is well*—"Shalom"—peace; the usual Oriental salutation. V. 27. *Caught him by the feet*—as a suppliant, after the Oriental manner. Matt. 18 : 29; Luke 8 : 4. *Hath hid it from me*—prophets were not omniscient. V. 28. *Did I desire a son*—was I thus blessed only to be visited with sorrow? V. 29. *Gird up thy loins*—gather up thy robe for a rapid journey. *My staff*—the symbol of the prophet's office. *Salute him not*—lose no time on the way. V. 30. *I will not leave thee*—an urgent request that he would go in person with her. V. 31. *Neither voice nor hearing*—no sign of returning life. V. 33. *Prayed*—in dependence on God to do the work. V. 34. He was divinely directed as to the means he should employ. *Waxed warm*—evidence of returning life. V. 35. *Sneezed*—restored breath. V. 37. *She fell at his feet*—in gratitude; the first impulse, even before taking up her son.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At whose house did Elisha stay when in Shunem? What provision was made for his comfort? How was the Shunammite rewarded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE MOTHER'S PLEADING. vs. 25-28.—Why did this woman seek the prophet? vs. 18-20. How did she show her haste? Where did she find the prophet? Whom did the prophet send to meet her? What did he tell his servant to ask her? How did she reply? What did she do when she came to the prophet? What did she say to Elisha?

II. THE PROPHET'S STAFF. vs. 29-31.—What did the prophets tell Gehazi to do? What did the mother say to the prophet? What was the result of Gehazi's errand? What word did he bring back?

III. THE CHILD'S RESTORATION. vs. 32-37.—What did Elisha find when he came into the house? Whose help did he seek? What did he do with the child? What result followed? By whose power was the miracle wrought?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That our heaviest sorrows often come from our greatest joys.
2. That God often tries the faith of his people.
3. That our own work may not be handed over to others.
4. That true religion is full of sympathy with the afflicted.
5. That kindness to God's servants will bring its reward.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What great trouble came upon the Shunammite woman? Ans. Her only son died very suddenly.
2. Whom did she seek in her trouble? Ans. The prophet Elisha.
3. What did Elisha first do? Ans. He sent Gehazi, his servant, to lay his staff upon the child.
4. What did Elisha afterward do? Ans. He returned with the mother, and in answer to his prayer the child was restored to life.
5. How did the mother show her gratitude? Ans. She fell at Elisha's feet, and bowed herself to the ground.

LESSON X.—MARCH 8, 1891.

NAAMAN HEALED.—2 Kings 5 : 1-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."—Ps. 103 : 3.

HOME READINGS.

M. Lev. 13 : 38-46.—The Law of Leprosy.
T. Lev. 14 : 1-29.—The Law of Cleansing.
W. 2 Kings 5 : 1-14.—Naaman Healed.
Th. Mark 1 : 35-45.—The Leper of Capernaum.
F. Luke 17 : 1-9.—Ten Lepers Healed.
S. Zech. 13 : 1-19.—A Fountain for Uncleanness.
S. Psalm. 103 : 3.—"Who Healeth all thy Diseases."

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Child's Ministry. vs. 1-4.
II. A Kings Perplexity. vs. 5-7.
III. A Prophet's Message. vs. 8-10.
IV. A Leper's Cleansing. vs. 11-14.

TIME.—B.C. 891. Jeroboam, the son of Ahab, king of Israel; Benhadad II, king of Syria.

PLACES.—Damascus, the capital of Syria, one hundred and twenty miles north-east from Jerusalem; Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel.

OPENING WORDS.

Of all Elisha's miracles this healing of Naaman was the only one he wrought upon a heathen. It was fitting that one famous miracle of healing should be wrought upon a foreigner: a miracle conveying rich moral lessons for all nations and all ages. Naaman's cure, which was wrought by miracle when he obeyed the word of the Lord spoken through Elisha, is a standing type of salvation from sin by the Gospel.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Captain*—commander-in-chief. *Deliverance*—victory over the Assyrians, which secured the independence of Syria. V. 2. *By companies*—plundering parties. *A little maid*—a young girl in a strange land, faithful to her mistress and true to the God of her fathers. V. 4. *One went in*—rather, "he," that is, Naaman. *His lord*—Benhadad, king of Syria. V. 5. *Ten talents of silver*—equal to about $17,750. *Six thousand pieces of gold*—about $37,500. *Changes of raiment*—gifts of honor in the East. V. 7. *Rent his clothes*—in alarm. V. 8. *Let him come to me*—the grand object of Providence in the visit of Naaman. V. 10. *Sent a messenger*—to humble his pride. *Go and wash*—compare John 9 : 7. The command was given to test his faith, not because there was any healing virtue in the waters of Jordan. V. 12. *Abana*—the modern Barada, a beautiful stream which flows through Damascus. *Pharpar*—the modern Awaj, a stream flowing across the plain of Damascus. V. 13. *His servants*—more wise than the master. V. 14. *Was clean*—so the obedience of faith secures spiritual cleansing.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What other miracle had Elisha wrought? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A CHILD'S MINISTRY. vs. 1-4.—Who was Naaman? What disease had he? Of what moral disease is leprosy a type? Who alone can cure sin? Acts. 4 : 12. Who was the servant of Naaman's wife? What did she say to her mistress?

II. A KING'S PERPLEXITY. vs. 5-7.—What did the king of Syria say when he heard this? Who was the king of Israel? What did Naaman do? What did he take with him? What was in the letter? How did Jerhoram receive it? For what purpose did he think it sent?

III. A PROPHET'S MESSAGE. vs. 8-10.—What message did Elisha send to the king? What did Naaman then do? What message did the prophet send to Naaman?

IV. A LEPER CLEANSED. vs. 11-14.—Why was Naaman wroth? What did his servants say to him? What followed his obedience? How may we be cleansed from sin? Zech. 13 : 1; 1 John 1 : 7.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That even a child may find opportunities for doing good.
2. That we are to seek the good even of those who wrong us.
3. That men naturally dislike the humbling doctrines of salvation by God's grace.
4. That we must take God's healing in God's way.
5. That the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who was Naaman? Ans. Commander of the Syrian army, a mighty man of valor, but a leper.
2. How did he hear of the prophet Elisha? Ans. From a captive Hebrew maid, who said the prophet could cure him.
3. To whom did the king of Syria send Naaman when he heard this? Ans. To the king of Israel, to be recovered from his leprosy.
4. What message did Elisha send to the king? Ans. Let him come to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.
5. How was Naaman cured? Ans. By the prophet's command he went and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, and was clean.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WISHING.

"I wish I had an eagle's sight!"
Said Johnnie with a radiant look—
All sat round the evening light,
Each occupied with work or book—
"Then on far Eiffel tower I'd stand
And view the wonders of each land."

"But you've no ship to cross the sea;"
Cried little May in quick reply,
"And if you had—how sick you'd be!
I'd take the eagle's wings and fly—
Then on and on, o'er hill and plain
Right round the world and home again."

"Pshaw! eyes and wings," sneered sturdy Dan:
"I'd choose, if I a choice could make,
A lion's strength." "And I," said Nan,
"The lily's breath and beauty take."
Then sweet-toothed Nell piped, "For my part,
Give me, from bees, the honey art."

Wishing ran wild. We all were gay,
Mother sat sewing, weary faced;
Small time had she for books or play,
So many stitches must be placed.
Old pussy stretched, lazy and fat,
Close at her feet upon the mat.

"Mother!" called Dan, "'tis your turn now!
What would you take, had you the chance?"
She pushed her glasses up her brow
And gave us all a kindly glance—
"Well, if I could, and 'twas no crime,
I'd take," she said, "the cat's spare time."

—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. BENSON'S BARGAIN.

Yes, Mrs. Benson, ma'am, those shirts are a bargain and no mistake. Good calico, as you say, and plenty of it; a fine length to the tails, and a generous breadth across the shoulders. Well-wove linen fronts, too, and all complete. Benson here will look grand in them when you get them up for him on Sundays. He's bound to leave the two top buttons of his waistcoat unbuttoned when he has them on; it's a duty he owes to the public, ma'am.

And cheap, too; only two-and-six the shirt: it's really wonderful. The man wanted three and three, did he? I don't wonder at it. And you beat him down to two-and-six—five shillings for the two. You have got a bargain, ma'am. Never made for the money? No, certainly not; they couldn't be. Why! the stuff itself is worth pretty near every penny of it, to say nothing of the making. Well now, that puts something else into my head. What sort of a margin is there in these bargains for the people who do the making? Yes, ma'am, as you say, this shirt that's set me envying my friend Benson is machine stitched; but there's generally a woman behind the machine when it's doing the stitching, and I'm wondering where her wages come in. There's the finisher, too, how much can she have got out of it, and find her own needles and thread?

That's no business of yours, you say? Well, now, Mrs. Benson, ma'am, my friend here, when he's been talking about you—and you'd smile to hear what he says sometimes—he's given me a general impression that you're a woman, and I reckon the poor creature who worked on this shirt was a woman, too. That seems to make it some sort of a business of yours, doesn't it, now? It does seem rather hard that you should cut down that poor soul's wages, and make her work for starvation pay. How do you do that, ma'am? Why, in this way. You ladies are such sharp hands at a bargain, that there's no getting a fair price out of you. Why didn't you give that man his three-and-three? That was cheap enough in all conscience. You said yourself the shirts are worth more than that; then why should you want to get them for less than they're worth? How can a man afford to pay fair wages if he's forced to sell for less than the stuff and wages come to? Talk about the sweaters! Mrs. Benson, ma'am, it's you ladies who set them sweating; and I'll tell you what it is, sooner or later it will come home to you. If you don't live to see it, that blessed little girl of yours in the cradle yonder will. Things can't go on as they're going, you may depend upon that. There'll be a big burst up one of these days; and it's you, and the likes of you, that are doing the bursting. I wish you good evening, Mrs. Benson, ma'am.—*Spectator, Melbourne, Aus.*

CHICKEN MILK FOR INVALIDS.

As this new and delicate food for invalids is now being ordered so frequently by the medical profession, particularly in cases recovering from acute dyspepsia and typhoid fever, the following recipes will be welcome: No. 1 is the more delicate of the two, and can be used in cases where the patient cannot retain even a soft-boiled egg. No. 2 is prepared in a different manner, and is more for cases where the patient is stronger or more nourishment is necessary. Both, as the ingredients demonstrate, are most nutritious. Calves' feet prepared in the same manner as No. 1 are also an excellent substitute for beef tea and form another variety in the limited menu of the invalid.

CHICKEN MILK, NO. 1.

Cut a chicken in small pieces, and see that it has been cleaned in the most careful manner, removing the skin. Put it into a china-lined sauce-pan, with the bones and neck, the white part of a head of celery, and the stalks (not leaves) of a fresh bunch of parsley, a few pepper-corns and a little salt. Cover the meat with cold water, and let it simmer till it is in rags and falls from the bones. Strain into a flat-basin or large bowl. When cold it should be in a stiff, clear jelly. Carefully, with a skimmer, take off the grease, and then take a soft, clean pantry towel, dipped in hot water, and gently wipe over the top of the jelly with it, so that no particle of greasy matter can possibly remain. Take equal quantities of this jelly and fresh milk, put them into a small china-lined sauce-pan, and let them boil together. Boil up the mixture three times and strain into a cup. A teacupful is generally considered sufficient at a time. Tiny strips of dry toast are an agreeable addition. It can be eaten hot, or allowed to cool and form again into a jelly, according to taste.

CHICKEN MILK NO. 2.

Prepare the chicken in the same manner as in recipe No. 1, but instead of using water, cover it with a quart of fresh milk and put the chicken and milk into a very large jam-pot, setting that in a sauce-pan nearly filled with cold water; when the milk in the jam-pot boils, the "chicken milk" is ready for use. Cream may in some cases be substituted for milk, and sometimes equal quantities of cream and milk are used.—*Christian at Work.*

HEALTH FOR A DOLLAR.

Since the athletic girl has become so dominant a figure in the feminine world, and fragility has grown a reproach rather than a charm, says a recent writer, the treatises multiply on all hygienic matters, and volumes are set forth without number to tell every woman what she shall do to be saved from all ills that flesh is heir to. The woman with the interesting pallor, the violet-shadowed eyes, and the willow-wand form, who fainted if one said "Boh!" to her, and solved all sentimental difficulties with a brain-fever, has given place to a buxom lassie, whose cheeks are red as the dawn, with brown, muscular hands that stop runaway horses, rescue helpless bairns from mad dogs, and amid a wreck of matter and crash of worlds would never feel a tremor of her steel-strung nerves. And this magnificent person is all the product of athletics and athletics and yet again athletics. Ride a cock-horse, say the lecturers on this subject, play tennis, swim, fence, practise in a gymnasium, take cold baths, live in the open air. And those who follow their advice attain the stalwart loveliness of Atalanta and Hyppolita, bring forth rosy sons and daughters, and are as the pillars of their husband's house. But it costs money to ride a cock-horse; there is the habit to buy, the horse to keep, and, if one lives in the city, a groom to be hired to ride after one in the park. Tennis presupposes various advantages of environment that all women do not possess; swimming means a country home near the sea or a river; and fencing, work in the gymnasium, and life out-of-door argue leisure, some money, and liberty to follow one's own devices. The pale, the nervous, the flaccid-muscled woman has not disappeared yet, and these read with hopeless envy the directions given by the books for attainment of rosy beauty, their own lives being too filled with work, too narrow, or too straitened to make the use of any of these prescriptions possible. But athletic exercise, with its resultant health, happiness, and beauty, is to be had, and that at a price within the means of every woman, no matter how poor or hard worked. Ninety cents will purchase all she needs to string her muscles up firm and make them elastic; to set her blood pulsing warmly under the skin; to fine away too lavish outlines, or fill up hollows. A pair of five-pound ladies' dumb-bells are to be had for thirty cents. These are a good weight to begin with, but should not be used violently at first. Two towels of heavy turkish crash cost the same sum each. On rising in the morning begin practice at once. With a dumb-bell in each hand lift the arms, touch the shoulders with the bells, and straighten the arms out smartly at right angles from the body. Do this smoothly and regularly ten times. Then touch the shoulders, and lift the bells ten times straight up on either side of the head. Hit out from each shoulder ten times; drop the bell at full length of the arm and draw them up to the armpits; and vary these motions in the twenty or thirty different directions possible, as one's own cleverness suggests, thus exercising every muscle. Begin with only two or three the first morning, and increase them as the strength increases. Finishing with the bells, set a mark on the wall at the height of four or five feet, and standing on the left leg, try to touch the mark with the right toe ten times, doing the same afterward with the left. The mark can be raised nearly a foot more as one's agility increases. Then set hands on hips and jump up and down ten times. Next spring into a bath—a warm one is best—sponging one's self off with cold water afterward, and dry the skin with vigorous manipulation of the rough towel. Try that for a month, and see whether health and beauty are not the consequence.

BOYS AND GARDENS.

By all means, let the boy have a garden. If it be only a bunch of sunflowers in a six feet square city back yard, let him have something of his own to plant and watch the growing of.

But if you live in the country, you can let him have a considerable plot of ground, where he can raise flowers, and also edible vegetables. Nothing will ever taste so good to him as his own lettuce and beets and radishes.

Don't imagine for a moment, however, that your boy, unless he be a genius, will know how to take care of these plants of his. No matter how much he loves them, he will require a good many weary hours of careful teaching and training before he is able to do efficiently even his small duty by his garden-patch. The trouble is that boys love so many things. If they loved their gardens only, or their lessons only, or ball-playing only, or stamp-collecting only; but it is with them as with the perplexed lover—"how happy could they be with either were t'other dear charmer away!" It is a good deal more trouble to see that the boy keeps his garden well than it would be to keep it yourself; but it is a good deal of trouble to bring up a boy right anyhow, and that is something that a mother might as well understand at the outset. Those who try to do it by easy means generally rue it with anguish of soul in the end.

"I never knew a boy who was fond of a garden," said a wise man who had brought up many boys, "to go far astray. There seems to be something about working in the soil and loving its products that does the boys good morally as well as physically." And honest Jan Ridd says, "The more a man can fling his arms around Nature's neck, the more he can lie upon her bosom like an infant, the more that man shall earn the trust and love of his fellow men." Again he says, "There is nothing better fitted to take hot tempers out of us than to go gardening boldly in the spring of the year." And every one who has tried this can testify that it is true.

A certain little boy, who left a garden at home to take a trip with some friends, wrote home to his mother, "I am having a splendid time, but I wish every morning that I was sitting on my little green cricket in the back yard, watching my plants grow." This little boy always thought that some time, if he watched closely enough, he should see a flower open, but beyond a few four o'clocks, he has never witnessed this ever-recurring but magically secret phenomenon.

If possible, supply your own table with your boy's produce at ruling market rates, having it well understood beforehand how the money will be expended. Praise whenever you consistently can; offer prizes for the best fruits, flowers, and vegetables, if you have several boys at work; and in every way treat the enterprise with consideration and respect. Many a boy who has put his best efforts into his garden loses heart when he hears it sneered at or made light of. "Your garden! Oh dear! I never thought of that! What does that amount to?"

It cannot be too early impressed upon a boy that whatever he does should be done well. Therefore make his garden seem as important as you can without dwelling unduly upon it; and remember that the physical and moral effects of the garden are not all. The information that a boy gets from it concerning varieties of seed and soil may be invaluable to him later on. —*Harper's Bazaar.*

RECIPES.

BROWN BREAD.—Two-thirds of a cup of molasses, two cups sour milk, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls soda, one of salt, one cup flour, four cups cornmeal. Steam three hours and brown a few minutes in the oven.

DELICATE PIE.—Whites two eggs, four tablespoonfuls cream, one large spoonful flour, one cup white sugar, one cup cold water; flavor with lemon. Line a pie plate with pastry, pour in the mixture and bake at once.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of brown sugar, one pound of flour, one-half pound of butter, two pounds of stoned raisins, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in half-cup of hot water, one-half pint of molasses, two grated nutmegs.

COOKIES.—Two eggs, one and one-half teacupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one-half cupful sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, nutmeg to taste. Mix in enough flour to roll, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—One cup butter, two cups molasses, one teaspoonful cloves, one tablespoonful ginger, sufficient flour to make a stiff batter, not dough. Mold with the hands into small cakes and bake in a steady rather than quick oven, as they are apt to burn.

TUMBLER CAKE.—Three tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of water; beat these to a froth with the hand, then add one tumbler of sweet milk and five tumblers of flour, three heaping teaspoons baking powder, sifted with the flour, then four beaten eggs and flavor to taste, last of all a tumbler of citron cut fine or chopped.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup melted butter, one cup New Orleans molasses, one cup strong coffee, one egg, one teaspoonful baking powder, one teaspoonful ground cloves, one tablespoonful ground cinnamon, one-half pound each of raisins and currants, four cups sifted flour.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—One cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, or enough to make tolerably stiff batter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar sifted with the flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, beat in the yolks, then the milk and soda, the salt and the beaten whites alternately with the flour. Bake in a buttered mould; turn out upon a dish; cut in slices and eat with liquid sauce.

PUZZLES.—No. 2.

Double Cross-Word.

Enigma.

In caitiff, not in slave;
In dastard, not in knave;
In villa, not in house;
In coney, not in mouse;
In kicking, not in fight;
In fellow, not in wight;
In running, not in walk;
In singing, not in talk.

ANAGRAM.

Uo ff fe cm.

These mystic words with meaning fraught
A horror hold beyond your thought,
And yet with smiles full many a time
You've traced through them historic crime.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Explanation. Take one letter from each word in the following verse and find a well-known proverb. The verse in keeping with the meaning of the proverb.

Wealth, sought for oft and long, and much desired,
Is ours but few short fleeting years.
Repute through right and noble worth acquired
Continues, while wealth disappears.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ENOCH.—GEN. v. 22-24; Heb. xi. 5.

E-sau . . . . . Gen. xxv. 29-34; xxvii.; xxxii. 3; Jer. xlix. 7-20; Ezek. xxv. 12-14; Heb. xii. 16.
N-aaman . . . . 2 Ki. v. 1-23; Lu. iv. 27.
O-bed . . . . . Ruth iv. 14-17; Matt. i. 5.
C-ain . . . . . Gen. iv. 1-16; 1 John iii. 12.
H-agar . . . . . Gen. xvi. 3-13; xxi. 14-21.

CHARADE.—Keepsake.

SQUARE WORD.—

H I R E
I D E A
R E A R
E A R N

The Family Circle.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

I knelt at the foot of the Master,
Who knew how my heart burned with love,
But I said: "Let me work in Thy service,
And so my devotion I'll prove."

And I looked on the far, waving harvest;
Saw the need of more laborers there,
And I said: "Let me haste to the reaping,
And my sheaves shall be golden and fair."

But he said: "Nay! My child; there are others,
Far stronger My reapers to be;
Stay thou still in thy place, and be watching
To do some small service for Me."

Then I looked on the green sloping hillsides,
Where the vineyards in terraces lay,
And the sunshine, so calm and so golden,
Made joyous the long harvest day.

And I said: "Let me go to the vineyards,
Where the clusters hang purple and sweet;
I will gather the largest and finest,
And bring all my spoils to Thy feet."

But he said: "Nay! My child: there are others
To gather the fruit of the vine;
Stay thou still in thy place and be quiet,
Nor thus at thy station repine."

Then I looked down the beautiful valley,
Where the lilies grew stately and fair,
And the roses blushed scarlet and crimson,
And scented the earth and the air.

And I said: "Let me gather the flowers—
Those flowers so fair and so sweet;
I will bring them in all their bright beauty,
And lay them with love at thy feet."

But he said: "Nay! My child; let the flowers
Bloom on in their fragrance and grace;
They are not for thy fingers to gather,
Stay, stay thou content in thy place."

'Twas a dream! But the meaning remaineth;
And now in the byways and lanes
I search for the clover and daisies,
And glean for the scattering grains.

My sheaves will be scanty and humble—
All others more stately and good;
But what joy, if at nightfall the Master
Shall say: "She hath done what she could."

—*Observer.*

CALLED TO BE SAINTS.

(By Helena Maynard, in The Standard.)

There was a discontented expression on the usually cheery face of Ethel Hastings as she knocked at Mrs. Estey's door one sunny September afternoon. I think that was why Mrs. Estey proposed that Ethel should run up to the nursery for a few moments while she finished writing a letter for the next mail, knowing that the cunning ways of the children would bring back the smiles. So they did, and when, a few moments later, Mrs. Estey joined them she found Ethel and five-year-old Robbie in great glee over a wish-bone.

"I've got the wish, I've got the wish. I'm going to be a soldier," cried Robbie. "What did you wish for, Ethel?"

The discontented look again shadowed Ethel's brow as she answered slowly, "I wished I had a calling."

"A calling, what is that?" queried Robbie, while his mother said: "Are you sure you haven't?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Estey, I have been out calling, this afternoon, on some of the girls in my class that graduated last June. I found Anna Davis all absorbed in her painting. She really has a great deal of talent, and with every opportunity to cultivate it, I do not doubt she will one day become a noted artist. It is the same with Ella Bladis' music. She is going to Germany next month to study. Mary Morris is hard at work as stenographer, earning a good living for her widowed mother and little sister, while Alice Moreland is taking a medical course preparatory to going to India as a missionary. The young men of the class are all in business or in some higher educational institution. I am the only idler among them all."

"I have always thought you were very industrious, dear," said Mrs. Estey.

"Oh, yes, I always find enough to do, but it doesn't amount to anything. I paint a little and play a little, but I haven't talent enough to make a specialty of either. Father isn't willing to have me take up anything for a business. He says he is abundantly able to support me and he wants me at home. Father is rather old-fashioned. I believe he thinks marriage is the only proper calling for a woman," she added, a little bitterly.

"It is not the only one, but a very blessed one, as I hope you will find some day," answered her friend.

"I hope so, too, Mrs. Estey," Ethel said frankly, "but I have never felt that it was something to seek for and strive after as some girls do. It hasn't come to me yet, perhaps it never will, and in the meantime—"

"In the meantime, Ethel, you have a real calling."

Ethel shook her head, but Mrs. Estey said, smiling, "I suppose you will take Paul's word for it if you don't mine."

"Paul's word?" repeated Ethel, wondering.

"Yes," said Mrs. Estey, "you are one of those who Paul says are 'called to be saints.' Isn't sainthood a calling high enough to satisfy all your ambitions?"

"It is altogether too high for me to aspire to. I don't remember Paul's words which you speak of, but I am sure they were not meant for common Christians like me."

"That is where you and so many others make mistakes. All of Paul's letters were written to common Christians, and from his rebukes and admonitions I judge the Christians of the nineteenth century will compare favorably with those of the first, and yet he addresses one letter to 'all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints,' while, after writing to the Corinthians in the same way as 'to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints,' he adds, "with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord; surely that includes you, doesn't it?"

"I hope so," said Ethel, thoughtfully, "but a saint—Mrs. Estey, what is a saint?"

Mrs. Estey laughed. "You know, I am a Yankee, Ethel. What do you think a saint is?"

"Well,' hesitatingly, "isn't it a very holy person, not perfect, perhaps, but almost so? One whose virtues and graces are quite beyond the attainment of average Christians?"

"Beyond their actual attainment, I grant, not beyond their possible and commanded attainment. By the way, Ethel, I have been much interested lately in a bit of word study that may help you. Turn to the dictionary and you can trace back the word 'holy' to the Anglo-Saxon root 'hal,' with the meaning 'safe,' 'sound.' Now that root 'hal' has several derivatives, one is 'whole,' others are 'health,' 'hale' and 'heal.' As health is the normal condition of the body so holiness is of the soul. Our idea of holiness, influenced, I think, by the teaching of the Middle Ages, is apt to be one-sided and narrow. It lacks the strength of that root 'hal,' the breadth, the wholeness. Physical health is the result of the harmonious working of all the bodily functions; so holiness or spiritual health is the harmonious developments of all the soul's powers and faculties—"

"Or we might say holiness is the absence of sin, as health is the absence of disease," said Ethel, thoughtfully.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Estey, "and you understand that we are responsible for the health of our bodies, why not for that of our souls?"

Just then the gate clicked and Ethel rose, saying, "Here comes some one else after one of your helpful thoughts. I'll take mine and be gone."

"Called to be saints," the words ran through Ethel's last waking thoughts like a chant, and she fell asleep to dream of spending her life in a leper colony with Father Damien. But the bright morning banished alike dream fancies and serious thoughts.

"Just think, Tom," she said to her brother, as they met in the breakfast room, "of a whole day at Fairpoint. It is Edna Marion's birthday, and she has invited Anna Davis and me to spend the day there. There will be a few other guests, and we are going boating and have our dinner on Hood's Island, and—"

"And have no end of a lark," interrupted Tom. "Are you sure she did not say anything about me going? I'm sure I should enjoy it better than standing behind the counter all day."

At this moment their father entered the room and took his seat at the table, saying, "Your mother has a sick headache coming on and will not be down. She said you might carry her up some tea, by-and-by, Ethel."

When Ethel did so she said, "Don't you want me to stay with you to-day if you are sick?"

But her mother answered, just as Ethel knew she would: "Oh no, dear, Nora can do everything for me that I need and I wouldn't have you miss your visit for anything."

Leaving a tender kiss on her mother's aching forehead, Ethel went down to the kitchen with the tray; there she was alarmed to find Nora sitting in the doorway, pale and faint.

"What is the matter, Nora," she exclaimed, and then followed a confused account of how she slipped, coming up the steps, and in falling had doubled her foot under her, spraining her ankle. It was so painful the poor girl could hardly step on it, but with Ethel's help she reached the lounge in the sitting-room.

While Ethel was bathing the ankle and doing it up, Tom came into the room. "Well," he said, "a fine beginning for your red-letter day!"

Ethel glanced up with a distressed look on her face, as she exclaimed, "Oh dear, I hadn't thought of it, but, of course, with mother sick, and Nora laid up, I can't go."

"Oh, miss, my foot feels better already," said Nora; "perhaps I can use it now," and she started up, only to fall back with a groan.

"No," said Ethel, decidedly, "it will be some time before you can use it. You must not try it. There's no other way, except for me to stay at home."

"Don't be sure of that, until I have racked my brain a little," said Tom, "The children will be at school, what if father and I should take our dinners down town, and I could get Mattie Elder to come and stay with the invalids?"

"If Mattie could that might do," said Ethel brightening up, but at that moment the office-boy brought a note from their father saying that his cousin, Miss Havard, was going through the city and would stop over from the ten o'clock until the two o'clock train and telling Tom to go to the depot to meet her. Tom read the note and passed it to Ethel, saying, "Misfortunes never come singly. I suppose I needn't stop to see if Mattie can come over."

"No, but I wish you would call and tell Anna that she need not wait for me. Oh, dear, why need she come to-day!"

"It is enough to provoke a saint," said Tom sympathetically.

The words brought back to Ethel Mrs. Estey's talk, and with a quick prayer that she might "make her calling and election sure," she busied herself making preparation for the stranger guest.

With Nora's half-done morning work to finish, her mother to wait on and dinner to get, Ethel found no time to spend in vain regrets. Miss Havard proved to be a very pleasant, intelligent lady who was on her way home from the annual associated charities meeting, and her accounts of the many forms of charitable work and of the noble men and women engaged in them interested Ethel very much, and she was sorry when the time came for her train. But when she had gone and Ethel stood at the kitchen table piled with dishes, she thought of the merry party on the island regretfully.

"Called to be saints," suggested memory.

"Well, I'm sure there's nothing saintly about dish-washing," thought Ethel, when instantly to her mind came the remembrance of a picture she had seen or read of; an old refectory kitchen with some half-dozen cherubs doing up the work with evident enjoyment, as if the scrubbing of pots and kettles was a celestial employment; and some way the artist's odd fancy helped her.

At last the dishes were done and Ethel was about settling down for a quiet hour in the hammock with the latest magazine, when she saw on her mother's work-basket Katie's new jacket. She knew it was almost done, and she also knew that Katie was very anxious to have it to wear the next day, so the book was laid aside.

As Ethel stitched away on the jacket her thoughts were busy over the conversation with Mrs. Estey the previous afternoon, and that evening she ran over there for a few moments.

"And how is my little saint to-night," was that lady's greeting.

"Oh, don't say that, I shall never deserve that name, but let me tell you of some that do," and she gave an animated report of Miss Harvard's talk, ending with "that's what I call saintly work."

"So it is," heartily assented Mrs. Estey, "but, Ethel, don't you see, most of the evils these men and women are trying to overcome would never have existed if the homes of these unfortunates were what they should have been, so isn't it just as saintly work to make and keep the influence of a home pure and wholesome and helpful?"

"Yes," said Ethel, hesitatingly, "but I should like to do more than that."

"More than that, oh, Ethel, that is not a little thing, and I have noticed that it is those who have been most faithful in their home lives that the Lord has called to what you might consider higher duties. But remember, dear,

"'The highest duties oft are found,
Lying upon the lowliest ground
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works, on common days,
Whate'er is done for God alone
Thy God acceptable will own.'"

Here Robbie ran in to show Ethel his new drum, and the conversation was dropped, but Ethel has not forgotten it.

A BOY CONVERT BECOMES A PREACHER.

At a recent meeting in Boston, the Rev. E. Payson Hammond related the following: He said that more than twenty years ago he was holding meetings in Dublin, and a little boy nine years of age was converted. Now see what resulted from this boy's efforts for the Lord. While in Santiago, Cal., two years since, he heard of a man there who was doing a great deal of good. Every evening he preached in the open air to large crowds of people. A man who had been very wealthy had become desperate, and had started to throw himself off the dock. Passing where this young man was preaching the Gospel, he heard him repeat the text: "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." These words at once arrested him, and for the first time in his life he realized that the Son of God had died on the cross to save him from everlasting punishment. He said to himself: "How foolish I am to commit suicide when I might have all my sins forgiven, for the sake of him, 'who in his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.'" At the close of the address he went to the young man, and with much emotion said, "What shall I do to be saved? Can God forgive me?" The young man brought him to the meeting and introduced him to me; I found the man trembling and weeping; he said: "What this young man has said to-night has saved me from committing suicide, but can I be forgiven and become a Christian?" Mr. Hammond said: "We told him he could, and after we had explained the doctrine of substitution to him he knelt with us and prayed to God for forgiveness. I believe that wicked man became a Christian. He at once abandoned his sinful life, and from all that I could see or hear of him he gave good evidence of having experienced a radical change of heart. How little did I think when I heard that little boy in Ireland more than twenty years before, praying:

"Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly thine;
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee,"—

that I should find him a preacher in California twenty years after, and by his words saving a man from suicidal death." Mr. Hammond closed with an appeal to every one not a Christian to come to Christ and be saved. At the close quite a number were found anxious about their souls; they were talked and prayed with by the Christian workers.—*Watchman.*

A CHINESE LADY'S WORK.

Mrs. Ahok is perhaps the only Chinese lady who has appealed to other countries than her own for evangelistic help. Readers of this sketch will remember the reception this lady met with in Canada, being treated as mere freight, in accordance with Canada's anti-Chinese laws, the story of which first appeared in the *Witness*.

Nine years ago Mrs. Ahok was a heathen, burning incense to her idol, but for eight years she and her husband, who is a mandarin at Foochow, have worked very earnestly for Christianity. Mrs. Ahok has a large work among ladies of her own rank, with whom she has much influence. Wishing to present the case of China's needs effectively Mr. Ahok determined some time ago to travel through England and America to stir the people with facts about China. He was unable to go, and Mrs. Ahok volunteered to come in his stead. She had only two days' notice. She left her home, her husband, her little boy, her mother, her friends, and all dear to her with no object but to plead for China. She had never been more than three miles from home in her life before. Her feet are so small that she cannot even stand upon them. Everything in the way of travelling was a difficulty to her.

The London *Christian* called Mrs. Ahok "that Oriental disciple." She attended the Mildmay meetings and nearly a hundred other great gatherings in England, and everywhere, through an interpreter, appealed for help for her country. "Come over and help us" was her Macedonian cry.

Part of her address at a meeting just before she left Britain for China via America, having received a call home, is as follows:

"The most important thing I wish to tell you is that my people are idolaters—as I once was myself. Here in England I see people worshipping the true God, but remember that in China millions and millions worship only idols. And out of the idolatry many evil customs have arisen in China. They have no hope, being without God in the world. They are sunk in gross materialism; yet there is a terrible fear and despair as they look forward to death. They know not what is to be then, and they dread to know. Please never to forget that millions of my country people are in this sad state—without God and without hope. Then out of this heathenism come many customs making the people so full of sorrow and sadness. There is the terrible footbinding, giving so much pain and misery. Then there is infanticide, the killing of many baby girls—this is very sad. There is also the terrible opium smoking, bringing ruin to tens of thousands. Also the gambling which is now so prevalent, and ruins many whole families. For in China it is not as in this country, for the whole family live together—father and mother, sons and sons' wives, and so on, all living in family groups or communities. Thus, when one or two begin to smoke and gamble, it ruins the whole household. What are the people of China like? A people starving and dying. A people on the edge of a precipice, ready to fall over it, and falling over it; you can go and tell them of one who will draw them back and save them from ruin. Will you go?"

Arrived in Montreal, Mrs. Ahok and her maid were informed that they could not land on free Canadian soil without payment of $50 each, the Chinese per capita tax on arrival. Mrs. Ahok was either uninclined to pay the tax or did not understand. She wished to go by the C. P. R. the same evening for Vancouver to take passage there for China, and was sent through in bond. During the day that she was in Montreal the Customs authorities took her for a drive around the city, but this was done on their own responsibility, and was stretching the rigid anti-Chinese law.

Mrs. Ahok has always been in favor of perfect freedom for English persons in China and has used her influence in favor of it. However, she has had the example of one of the great civilized countries as to the exclusion of the natives of a sister country, and will doubtless wonder at the "progress" that while opening China to Canadians and others, closes Canada to the Chinese.

The following account of Mrs. Ahok is taken from *The Female Missionary Intelligencer*,—the magazine published by the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East, the oldest woman's missionary society in the world, formed in 1834.—

The visit to Europe of Mrs. Ahok, a native lady from Loochow, has naturally excited great attention, especially to the many readers of Miss Gordon Cumming's delightful book, "Wanderings in China."

Some years ago this same Chinese lady was a subject of much interest to the Committee of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, as she first heard the gospel from the lips of one of their missionaries. But her story shall be told, as far as possible, in the words of the lady through whose writings it has become publicly known, and the graphic description she gives will render it needless for us to apologize for the length of the extracts we shall make.

First, let us hear what is said about the husband of the lady who has so bravely travelled from the Celestial Empire. "Prominent among the Chinamen who are truly friendly to foreigners is Mr. Ahok, a merchant who has prospered so greatly that he now owns large stores all over the city. He has ever made a rule of most liberal almsgiving, increasing in proportion to the increase of his business; and truly it seems that a blessing has rested on all he has taken in hand. Though not by birth of high estate, he has been created a mandarin, in recognition of his many and far-reaching good deeds; one of which has been the salvage of innumerable girl babies, by the simple announcement that he would give an allowance of rice for a certain time to every mother who, proposing to destroy her unwelcome female infant, would abstain from doing so.

MRS. AHOK.

The number of Mr. Ahok's pensioners varies considerably in years of plenty and years of famine. During the recent bad years he has actually allowed rice to five hundred mothers, to induce them to spare the lives of the innocents!

Mr. Ahok invited Miss Gordon Cumming to dinner (which she found consisted of twenty-five courses), and introduced her to the ladies of his family. All were small-footed. "None of their dainty little shoes exceed three inches in length," she writes, "but those of our hostess, who is a lady of high rank, and emphatically 'lily-footed,' are literally only two inches long, which is considered a superlative beauty. At the time of this visit Mr. Ahok was a regular attendant at Christian services, and some time afterward he was baptized by the American Episcopal Methodist Church.

"At length Mrs. Ahok desired to learn English to facilitate her intercourse with her husband's foreign guests, and sought instructions from Miss Foster, a missionary of the society already mentioned, requesting her to give her a lesson three times a week. Thus the friendship between them began. Subsequently, severe sickness in the house led Mr. and Mrs. Ahok to call in a foreign doctor; but he declined the charge of the case unless some English woman could be found who would stay in the house, and see that his directions were carried out. Naturally she turned to Miss Foster, and, as the school holidays were just beginning, she was free to accept Mrs. Ahok's earnest invitation. In all probability no other English woman had ever stayed with a Chinese family before."

Miss Gordon Cumming proceeds: "You can understand with what intense curiosity her every movement was watched. Not a detail of her toilet was to be missed; but what she felt extremely trying was the extreme interest bestowed on her when she knelt in prayer, or sought a quiet time for Scripture reading. At last she felt this so oppressive that she rose one morning very much earlier than usual to secure the blessing of an hour alone. At the accustomed time came the inquisitive old mother (who all the time was doubly attentive to her own devotions before the ancestral altar). As usual, she stood about on watch, but when noon came she could stand it no longer. 'You have never prayed to-day,' she said. 'O yes,' said Miss F.; 'but I got up early that I might be alone.' 'Why?' said the old lady. 'Surely you do not mind being looked at when you pray?' Miss F. explained that she would certainly prefer solitude, greatly to the astonishment of her watchful guardian. Of course she did not lose so excellent an opportunity of working in the Master's cause; but she did feel perplexed when one morning, after they had been reading the story of Hannah's prayer and the birth of Samuel, the wife came to her and said: 'You say that God hears your prayer. If you ask him to give me a son will he do so?' and finally made Miss F. promise to kneel every day beside her and pray for this great blessing, her heart's one desire. The prayer was heard, and the mother accepted her babe as a direct answer to the prayers offered."

"Before the birth of this Chinese Samuel," continues Miss Gordon Cummings, "all idols were banished from the house, and so soon as her infant was born the thankful mother desired that he should immediately receive Christian baptism. I am not sure what baptismal name was selected, but from the hour of his birth the poor little innocent has been saddled with a tremendous Chinese name, Hung-kau-niekiang; which means literally, the Christian doctrine child.

"Some months after this event, on June 18th, 1882, Mrs. Ahok, this happy mother, was herself received by baptism into the visible church. And now she has come among us to be welcomed as a sister in Christ, of deep and special interest to the friends of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East."

Mrs. Ahok's return home last summer was hastened by the news of the serious illness of her husband. All speed was made but to her great grief she did not arrive in Foochow until several days after his death.

CONVERSIONS IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

BY REV. G. W. MIESSE.

The question is often asked: "Why are there not more conversions reported from our Sunday-schools?" The same answer may be given to this question as to all other questions of the same nature, viz.: because there is a want of effort in that direction. When one soul is brought to Christ, that soul is capable of bringing others to him; and if a number of saved ones unite the power of their influence in this direction, what a number of souls would be saved right along!

There is no more potent power to accomplish such blessed results than the Sunday-school, because it has to deal with humanity in its most yielding and pliable period. But unless influences are properly brought to bear upon the individual, even at this favorable period, like a neglected plant, it will develop in the wrong direction. If, therefore, the proper course be pursued, there is no doubt but that the greater part of our Sunday-school scholars can be won for Christ and the church ere they come to the years of manhood and womanhood.

For the bringing about of this result every possible influence must be brought into requisition. The whole plan of the school must be turned in this direction, and no stone be left unturned.

The teacher is nearest in influence to the scholar. As he imparts instruction to the mind, he has a grand opportunity to impress the truth upon the conscience. I know of teachers who make this a special object, and they generally succeed. I know of teachers, also, who seem to aim no higher than the head, while the heart is left untouched. Of course, if any of their scholars are converted the credit belongs to some other instrumentality.

There occurred, in the first year of my pastorate on a certain charge, an incident which is always fresh in my memory. A lady teacher of the Sunday-school came to me one Sunday after the morning sermon and said: "My girls [meaning her class] have become Christians, and want to unite with the church." That same Sunday evening they all came forward to the altar of prayer, publicly acknowledged Jesus as their Saviour, and united with us in church fellowship.

We need not ask how all this came about. The cause was quite evident. That teacher was concerned for the salvation of her scholars. She prayed for them and talked to them about their souls. In short, she pointed them to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," and they heeded her faithful counsels. Not every teacher can be assured of such immediate success as this teacher realized, but results will come in some way or other. Therefore, let all teachers aim at the conversion of their scholars, and their labors in the Lord shall not be in vain.

Then, the teacher is not to be alone in this work. All the plans and arrangements of the school should have a distinct reference to it. Whatever cannot be made conducive to this end should be eliminated as an unnecessary and cumbersome part of the machinery.

Many different plans might be suggested, but, as my article is already of sufficient length, I will simply suggest one, viz.: a teachers' prayer and conference meeting. I was once connected with a Sunday-school as pastor, where such a meeting was held every Sabbath after the school was dismissed. While their scholars were on their way home, the officers and teachers remained for one-half hour, and prayed for the conversion of their unsaved scholars. Conversions in that school occurred almost the "year round."—*Evangelical S. S. Teacher.*

THE PRINCES OSCAR AND CARL OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

CHILD-LIFE AT THE COURT OF SWEDEN.

E. M. WATERWORTH.

"Now, mother," said Frank one evening, when we had taken up our usual posts by the fire for our cosy chat in the firelight, "you promised to tell us something about the Swedish princes; so I have been writing a little tale for you about Gustavus Adolphus."

I looked through the short story which Frank had written, and found he had chosen that incident in the life of the great King of Sweden, which many of you probably know already.

Gustavus Adolphus was very fond of music, and was often moved to tears by hearing children sing. It happened once that, having taken a strongly fortified town after long fighting, he had ordered that all the men should be put to death. What made him so angry was that most of the inhabitants had previously been his own subjects.

Several of the king's officers begged him to show mercy, but he would only yield a little grace. Instead of killing all for high treason, he said he would only take vengeance on those who had been found actually carrying arms against him.

But the king was less hard-hearted than he thought himself. Wandering alone at midnight, he approached the tents where two hundred unhappy men were awaiting their doom at the dawn of day.

Suddenly he heard the sound of music, and on enquiring of the sentinel, he found that the strains came from a tent in which one of the leaders of the rebels had received permission to see his wife and children.

"Come, Hermione," he said to a beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, "sing to me once more the dear old song of our Fatherland. Gustavus may take my life, but he cannot change my love for my native land; God bless Sweden for ever!"

Obediently the girl sang the old Swedish national anthem, but with such beautiful pathos that the listening monarch burst into tears.

Before long a messenger arrived at the tent, and Hermoine was summoned to the presence of the king, from whom she received a free pardon to all the condemned prisoners.

"The next time you sing that song," said Gustavus, "think of me, and bear witness that my heart is not hard and cold."

"It is rather strange you should have chosen that anecdote," I said presently; "for one of the two little princes I am going to tell you about is also named Gustavus Adolphus. The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden have two little boys. The elder was born on the 11th of November, 1882, and is called Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus. If he lives to ascend the throne after his father's death he will be Gustavus Adolphus VI. He will be brought up as a soldier."

"But he will never have to work for his living," said Alice, laughing.

"I hope not, but still there is no harm in knowing how to work in case the time should come when you want to do anything. Little Prince Oscar will be all the better able to rule his people if he has learnt the value of obedience and training himself."

"Is the other little boy to be a soldier too?" asked Aleck, bending over the picture which I had brought into the room with me.

"No; Prince Carl William Ludwig, who was born on the 17th of June, 1884, is to be a sailor."

"They look as if they loved each other very much," said Alice.

"And so they do, I believe. I have heard that they always play together, and that Prince Oscar always gives way to his younger brother."

"What do they play at, I wonder?"

"The beautiful Castle of Tullgarn, in which they pass most of their time, overlooks the sea; therefore they amuse themselves in the summer just as you would do at the sea-side. Early in the morning they get into a boat and fish."

"What do they do with the fish they catch?"

"They carry all to their parents in great glee. The more they catch the better they are pleased. Another favorite amusement of the young princes is a game which resembles our racquets. Of course they have lessons too, and Prince Oscar can read and write well. You remember what I told you about the Princess Wilhelmina of Holland snowballing the village children. The sons of the Swedish Crown Prince are brought up in very much the same way. They are allowed to play with the children of the royal household, and even with the peasant boys who live on the Tullgarn estate. Very often their parents give nice treats to the school children of the neighborhood. Then the 'little princes,' as they are affectionately called, are the hosts.

"You may be sure they are very kind and attentive hosts too; for the children who get on well at home, and have learned to give up their will to please each other, are just the children to be thoughtful and kind to outsiders. So when, for instance, the birthday of either prince comes round, then they have the pleasure of entertaining the school children, and doing their best to make them happy."

"Do they ever go to Norway?" said Alice.

"Yes, in the summer they go there for fishing and bathing; for, young as he is, Prince Oscar can swim."

"I wonder what is the biggest treat of all?"

"I think I can tell you. King Oscar, their grandfather, lives very often in a beautiful castle on Lake Malaren. A visit to him is the greatest treat the little boys can have."

"I wonder whether he asks them how they have been getting on with their lessons, as grandpa always asks me?" said Frank thoughtfully. "I shall never forget how sad grandpa seemed when he heard of my bad report last Christmas; he looked as if some one had hurt him."

"Because he loves you, my boy, and wants you to do your best at everything."

"'If I were a cobbler, it should be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend a tin kettle like me.'"

murmured Alice, reading from a well-worn piece of paper which she took from her pocket; "grandpa wrote that down for me last birthday, and I think I begin to see now what it really means; especially now I know little kings and princes have to try to do their best too."

"Well, King Oscar asks how the little boys have been getting on, and then he often drills them on the lawn in front of the castle."

"What fun!" said Frank. "I should like to see those little fellows drilling."

"You probably would be able to do so if you went to the castle. There is often a crowd of people looking on as the boys answer quickly to each word of command from their grandfather. When he thinks they have had enough exercise, he tells them to present arms to the people who are watching. Then there is a regular shout of delight from the people, as hats are raised and handkerchiefs waved in honor of the little princes."

The portrait of the Princes Oscar and Carl are from a photograph taken in Stockholm.—*Little Folks.*

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND TO GIRLS.

When in Melbourne, Professor Drummond gave an address to some 250 of the students of the Methodist Ladies' College. To be a Christian, he said, was simply being like Christ, following Christ. "Just as a Darwinian is a follower of Darwin, one who advances and promulgates the ideas and principles of Darwin, so is a Christian, a disciple or follower of Christ; and to follow Christ is to grow like him.... Make Christ your companion. We invariably become like those with whom we habitually live, and especially if we habitually live with those we admire and love. And very often we really love those of whom we only hear and read. We need not see people to love them. It is the spirit, therefore, of a friend that you love, and that influences you, and it is the spirit of Christ that influences us now....

To make Christ our most constant companion is the one sure way, for we are thus made good, and the whole process may be told us in the words of the Bible taken from the 2 Corinthians iii. 18, provided we read them in the New Version, where their meaning is clearer and simpler than in the rough phrasing of the early translations from the Greek. There are the words of the later text: 'We all with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of Christ, are changed in the same image from glory to glory.' Now change the word glory to *the word character, which I think conveys* a clearer and fuller meaning than any other word, and the whole problem must be contained in this text: 'We all with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the character of Christ, are changed in the same character from character to character;' or are changed in Christ's character from our character to his character. The point is this: that we are changed—we don't change ourselves. We can understand perfectly well how accents change. We hear daily of a growing Australian accent, and yet the change goes on quite steadily without our being conscious of it to any marked degree. And so if we 'abide in Christ,' make Christ our friend, our characters will change. Then you will say the answer to our question reduces itself to a common friendship. This a common friendship? No friendship is common. We read in the Bible that love is the basis of friendship, and this is a translation of Christ's own idea. If you will be Christians, struggle to keep friends with Christ. This is an infallible method. It is how we must, not how we may.

HIS NEW TOY.

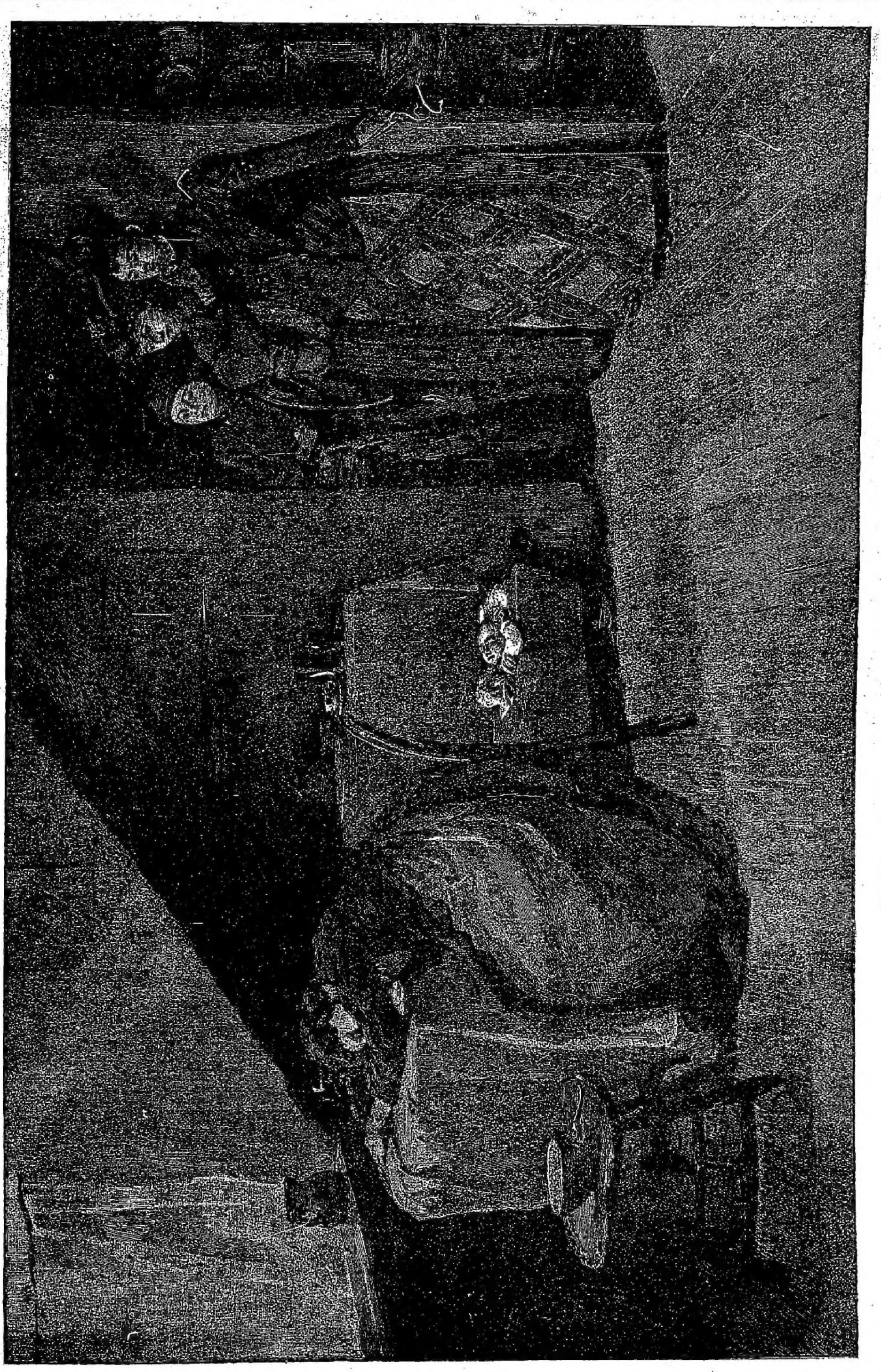
I'm tired of my choo-choo cars,
I've no use for my ball—
I do not want that watch of pa's;
I'm weary of them all.

The dolls and waggons, horses, men,
I've played with day by day,
I do not care to see again,
So take them all away.

I've got a new and lovely toy
That beats these out of sight;
A pinky-white small baby boy
Came to our house last night.

—*Harper's Young People.*

PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS says that what were laudable customs 500 years ago might not be laudable to-day, and he contends that every man who calls himself a Scotsman ought to think how he could lessen the great evil of intemperance, which makes Scotland a scandal in the eyes of other nations.



DOING GOOD BY STEALTH—A VISIT FROM "KING'S DAUGHTERS."

THE ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

A special feature of the work of "The King's Daughters" in New York during the past summer, writes Mary Lowe Dickinson, in *Harper's Weekly*, has been the visitation of the tenement-houses in New York city, and any one glancing at the artist's sketch, will recognize the bare floor, the backless chair, the never-empty cradle, the empty bowl, and the few broken bits of earthenware. The children they have found were not often so happy as to be quiet in slumber—the one boon that seems better than life to the poor, pasty, pallid little creatures who swarm our tenement homes. Above all, these visitors are only too familiar with the white, exhausted faces of toiling mothers, and the droop of utter weariness and exhaustion under burdens which so many women never lay down so long as the sewing-machine can be made to move by weary foot or hand.

While it would be delightful to linger over the poetic and artistic side of this picture, and over the general idea that it conveys of the beauty of that service which reaches down from the heights of comfort and contentment, and uplifts the victim of suffering and need into places of cheer, this is not the side that should have most attention in the present day of sharp extremities and close-pressing problems. The real homes of our needy have no tender gray lights across their shadows, no reminders of other days in the pictured faces on the walls, and fewer glimpses still of sympathetic faces and well-laden hands entering the open door. Such recent books as that of "Darkest England, and the Way Out," and "How the Other Half Live," by Jacob Riis, make another sort of picture of homes of the poor, on the threshold of which favored women may well stand with serious faces and the finger of silence on their lips. In just that attitude of eager yet solemn pause between the misery of the world's womanhood, represented by this bowed form, crushed under its burdens, the misery of the world's childhood, represented by this helpless little one in the cradle, and their own world of plenty and comfort and health, there should stand a multitude of women to-day, who, whether they wear the badge of any order or not, might prove by genuine service that they were truly daughters of the King.

Perhaps no greater mistake could be made, certainly no mistake more hampering to their real work, than that of supposing that this order, large as it is in numbers, has already taken possession of this immense and needy field. It has, in fact, hardly made a beginning. Its tenement-house work is only one of the phases in which its spirit of helpfulness has been embodied. In the city of New York alone during the last summer its tenement-house committee, desiring to become true friends in the homes of the poor, entered into relation with the corps of physicians appointed to labor among the people during the summer months. As is well known, it it the duty of these physicians to go from house to house and room to room in our thronged tenements, caring for the cases of sickness that have no physician, looking after sanitary conditions, and taking note of the needs of the very poor. The story of what these physicians found is too heart-rendering to be placed in a paragraph. Suffice it to say they made, during the last summer, 120,000 visits, finding over 16,000 sick, too poor to employ a physician, giving medical care where needed. Wherever they went they took in their pockets postal cards addressed to the head-quarters of the Tenement-house Committee of the order, at No. 1 Henry street, New York. In every place where nourishing broths, jellies, or ices for the parched lips of fever were needed, or in homes where the destitution was so great that hunger was the cause of sickness, these needs were written upon the postal-cards as the physician left the house, and the card deposited at the nearest box on the street corner. The first mail left it at the head-quarters, where a faithful company of volunteers, all through the heats of the summer, were ready to send forth such supplies and comforts as were required. Nor these alone; in many cases the need was for nursing, clean bed-linen, and clothing, and nurses were kept constantly employed in passing from one sick-room to another. When one became overworked or exhausted, another was supplied. Through this ministry also over 35,000 bunches of flowers, fresh and bright from the country, found their way to tenement-house rooms and the bedsides of sick children, some of whom had never seen a flower. They were laid on the pillows of the dying, and placed in the trembling hands of the aged, or, smiling from a broken cup in the window, made the only spot of brightness in the often dingy room.

How much this ministration alone must have meant to sickened souls and bodies no one can know. It meant a great deal of kindness on the part of the express companies, who brought the flowers from the country free of charge. It meant a great deal of loving labor in country towns to the hundreds of girls and women who watched their budding blossoms never so eagerly before, because these beautiful messengers "had a mission and a work to do." It meant the discovery of many little children not reached by Fresh Air Funds or by mission schools, who were gathered together and sent for an outing into the country. It meant the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked, not that again and again they might be fed and clothed, but only that strength might be given for the employment which these women in every case sought to find for those who needed. The committee became really an employment bureau. Through it funds were furnished for the starting in trade of poor persons who had sat down discouraged by misfortune, and only needed a helping hand to lift them up and start them on their way.

It was not enough that the giving hand should be constantly open toward the poor; the asking hand had constantly to be kept open toward the rich. There must be money for excursions, for food, and for ice, and for helpers when the labor grew too severe. There must be cradles for the sick children, and one appeal for a baby-waggon for a sick-child brought five baby-waggons trundling along in a row. Judicious heads and hearts and hands watched the outgo of all the money, and at the close of the season a great many humble homes in New York city had the one thing which the poor most need—a friend. Interest in the families aided was not allowed to die out, and the effort was never made with the purpose to bestow temporary relief alone, but always on the true charity organization principle of finding a way to help the people help themselves. It was only a beginning, but it opened out to the daughters of the king the possibilities of more extended and even more practical and permanent help. Their hope is to secure a building, which can be done at a cost of $7,000, where may be established a day nursery for the infants whose mothers must go from house to house to work, and a kindergarten for older children, work-rooms on the co-operative plan for women, and an employment bureau—one of the great needs of the poor—for the large class would work if they could find it to do and a head-quarters for the operation of this widely extending branch of their work. And this, important as it is, and worthy to concentrate the attention of many members of the order, is, of course, only one branch of the labor.

The great mass-meeting recently held in Brooklyn, where were represented 260 circles, many of which pledged themselves to give their energies in part to the erection of the home for aged colored people, is another practical phase which their efforts are taking. Hospital beds are being supplied, day nurseries established, life-saving stations, missions, struggling churches, and educational institutions are being helped, and there is practically no limit to the variety and extent of the work of which space will not allow us to give even the faintest outline.

The order numbers at a low estimate 150,000 people, and has state and county secretaries in 25 states, 6 provinces, and half-a-dozen foreign countries. It is at present a great force, but in process of education. Women needed to learn what they could do and what they could not do, which they never would learn until they tried to do something. Hence the first obligation upon every member of this order is that she shall begin to work with the nearest thing that she can find to do. Hundreds are still in the infancy of their beginning, wondering what they can do, struggling to find out, following any guidance. Thousands more have already settled into solid and steady and helpful forces, pledged to be a practical aid in whatever work most needs the power which they as a circle or as individuals can apply. Many of them did not come closely enough in contact with humanity to understand its real needs, and for love of man they could hardly be supposed to work; hence the highest motive that ever appeals to the heart of women was placed before them—*to work for humanity for the love of humanity's Great Lover*. Wisely guided, carefully trained by those from among themselves who are able to grasp the possibilities of good in such a sisterhood, the next generation will find this a mightily helpful force in all its schemes for pulling the world out of its slough of despond; but the order must not be expected to spring to its full development in a moment. Its processes are educational. When women know themselves and know the world, they will be able to apply their knowledge of themselves to the needs of the world—not before.

A SANCTIFIED DISTRESS.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

When the minister had said, "Let us conclude our service by singing two verses of the nine hundred and tenth hymn," it had not held anything at all for Stella Dearborn beyond the dreary thought of a service ended and the going out again into the sorrow and shame awaiting her in the elegant home. But somehow the words, with the power and comfort of the music, were borne to her in tender strains, and her head was bent, even more reverently than usual, for the parting blessing.

She drew her wrap about her shoulders and followed Roderick down the aisle to the door. The words

"For I will be with thee,
Thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee
Thy deepest distress."

echoed and re-echoed through her soul as though a chorus of angels, standing at the gates of heaven, were singing them to her and dropping them into her heart with Christ-like comfort and peace. She felt uplifted and drawn from the world for a moment by the very thought.

And there was Roderick sauntering along beside her, snapping off the heads of the weeds with his ebony cane, careless, apparently happy, yet with a shadow on his bright, young face, that was reflected on her own.

They had taken the path home from church across the fields, where they could feel the warm sunshine on their heads, and the long, sweet grasses caressing their feet as they passed. All the earth was redolent with gladness, and the Sabbath stillness brooded over all and moved softly over the flowering trees.

The brother and sister themselves were both so quiet that it seemed as though some of the surrounding peace had entered into their hearts and banished for the time the memory of what was before them. Anyway, as they paused at the stile a moment, and Roderick leaned against the post near by, he turned to her and said, not without an effort, however:

"Sister, mine, would it make you any happier if I were to tell you something good?"

She turned toward him, and he saw that her usually haughty, bitter face was wet with tears.

"Roderick," she said, gently, "I think I have 'something good' to tell you also. All the shame I have endured at father's drinking has so over-shadowed my life in the past years that I have never been able to get the bitterness out of my heart; but something in the words of that last hymn—you remember it, don't you?—

"For I will be with thee
Thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee
Thy deepest distress"—

—has brought me out, I believe, into the very light of his cross, and the future doesn't look so black to me now."

He was deeply touched and laid his hand caressingly over hers.

"Stel, I know all about it," he said, softly; "for the mortification of this secret that you and I have borne so long had almost made a reckless man of me; but, thank God, he has kept me straight by the very strength of the shame I have felt at seeing an old man like father throwing away his days in the devil's own power. We can understand now what poor mother endured and why she was glad to die. Do you know, Sis," he added, reverently, "I have been driven to believe in God by the very thing I thought he had sent me as a curse? Perhaps if it had not been for that I should never have cared whether he had made the flowers and all things beautiful and was watching over our lives, or whether (as some men believe) things all grew and happened by chance. Isn't that what is meant by a 'sanctified distress?'"

Stella's heart was so full that she could not speak, but she lifted his hand in hers and pressed it lovingly against her cheek, feeling almost ashamed of the sob that was wrung through her proud lips. But away down in her heart she was saying,

"Oh, God, I thank thee that thou hast sanctified to Roderick and to me this, our deepest distress, that had seemed too great to endure?"

And after that they walked on slowly toward home, letting all the glory of heaven and earth bind them in its hallowed calm and restfulness.—*Christian at Work.*

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All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'"